KEY WEST IN WAR TIME.

"The Eagle Bird," which was the euphem-

ism applied to the petit largeny roulette wheel

in Key West during that coral rock's era of

activity as a naval base in the recent war, had

been burning the boys up. Al and Tommy

and Johnny, the three gentlemen who took

turns at spinning the little marble around and

announcing that it was red or black and in the

first, second or third "colyum," as the case might be, had become plethoric with their

prosperity. Every one was agreed that roulette

sould do 'em. That's the only game to buck

A man's got a chance at faro, but at roulette he

'Well, I don't know." drawled a long-legged

Missourian, who was in Key West as a lawyer

looking after the prize money claims of the ships' crews which had been capturing Spanish

merchantmen. "They've been sticking it into me till I've got to beat 'em or swim back to

going to cross myself and take a final fiver.

the men, but some of them followed the lawyer.

blow you off. Wish me luck for the bar's sake.

This last was a strictly Key West orthodox

entiment, for almost everything that hap-

pened there militated in favor of the bar. So

very one called out a good wish and the Mis-

sourian disappeared around the corner, fol-

later-it was then near midnight-he resp-

peared. As he came down the street his hat

was tilted triumphantly to one side, and in his

right hand, outstretched before him, was a

"Oh, I did 'em!" he cried. "Played nothing

but repeaters. Al's choking to death right now.

Started in with a bone, playing 10-cent checks

and skinned 'em for \$102. Now, let's have a

drink. Call up everybody and we'll drink right

bunch of bills.

"If I win," was the Missourian's parting word to those left behind, "I'll come back and

was a com e-on's game.

FORGER HALLEN'S CAREER.

SOME CURIOUS WRITINGS OF THIS

Tells the Story of His Former Cellmate in the Tombs, "Jimmie the Kid"-His Ha-cation Magazine and His Banishment-Lote Letter in Rhyme Some of His Skite. James D. Hallen, sometimes known as Julian D Hayne and then as Don José de Herrera, who was convicted recently in the General Sessions, where he appeared as his own counsel, is still in the Tombs, waiting to get a new trial. His career as a lawyer, doctor of medicine, preacher, editor, banker and coffee planter has been full of exciting incidents. Having a good education, it was easy for him to learn the langasges of the various countries he visited, and his affable manners enabled him to get into

Hallen was convicted of forgery on an Indictment charging him with presenting a forged mortgage to Mrs. Sarah Cauldwell, so that he received from her \$16,500. His trial lasted two weeks and he defended himself, frequently



HALLEN AS A COFFEE PLANTER

taking the witness stand and asking himself questions for the purpose of getting the questions and answers on the court records. While the trial was in progress Mrs. Sarah Brush, the woman who said she was married to him in Fierida, appeared in court and identified him as Julian D. Hayne. He alleged that the woman was mistaken. He had a mustache, and she had said that the man she married was clean shaven. He appeared in court one day with his mustache shaved off so as to convince Mrs. Brush that he was not the man she married. When the trial ended in his conviction Judge Me-Mabon sentenced him to eight years and three months' imprisonment. He then secured a temporary stay, which permitted him to stay in the Tombs pending a new trial.

Hallen's cellmate in the Tombs for a time and until a few days ago was William A. E. Moore, the badger man. Moore spent most of his time writing letters to his friends. Hallen, however, had a desk rigged up in his cell, and with the aid of the dim light furnished by two tallow candles spent his time writing stories of facts and fiction. Here is the latest story which he turned out in his cell in the Tombs:

"For several weeks in my daily rambles about tier No. 2 in the Tombs I had for a com-panion one James Cassidy, very long and wellknown in this modern old Egyptian mauso-leum as 'Jimmie the Kid.' Although much past sixty, whiteheaded and bent, he was full of the vigor of undying war against society. Three ten-years' stretches in Sing Sing had left him with one leg less than nature gave him, but had filled his head with a strange kind of sub-intellectual knowledge that was most useful in the underground passages of the Tombs. His favorite expression was: 'The

Lord is good," To Jimmie this meant about as much as Inyanga does to the heathen Amazula. "This man had commenced to steal at the James Cassidy's life that he could clearly recall was the day of his first conviction for petit largeny. Habitual crook and thief have been

lareny. Habitual crook and thief have been written against him ever since. The other day is made what must be his last trip up the Hudsos, for fiften years for homicide will extainly finish up. Jimme the Kid.'

Jimme was for a time the cellmate of William Moore. One day I heard Jimmle say to him; Bilv. I missed my vocation in life.' Is that so, Jimmle? answered Moore. Yes, said Jimmle. There been too homest.' I confess that claim made me gasp, but Jimmle continued. Yes, I should have been a lawyer.'

Jimmle had a store of shrewd experiences and wicked sense that would cortainly have been thealurable to many a puzzled seesker after joints and the tangles of the criminal law. I beard him so, thing a fellow sojourner the other way after this fashion: Experts, me boy? Why they il swear to anything. Show a medical expert a saidie under a dead man's bed, and the dector will swear he died from eating lorse. Jimmle could not have digested judical decisions better had he read all the authorities.



Thuring Sunday's divine services Jummy slept. Even the sounding of myrlad tin cans, the usual core for some favorite hymn, did not disturb him. He ate prison fare without a gramble, aimed to get in the bummers' gang at Sing Sing, and treated every one exactly slike, for Jimmy knew no caste. Within the last year his leg has been twice amputated, but never a murnur of discouragement escaped him. The morning he turned his back on the Tombs for the last of many times there was no compaint. Others lifted up their voices and wept; Jimmy simply said: "The Lord is good."

Hallen wrote many stories similar to the alone when he was in Honolulu. There he published a mouthly magazine, which he had imagazine dead that the was in Honolulu under the histories by the Hiswallan Government. This was when he was known as Julian D. Hayne, He had arrived in Honolulu under that name and posed as a newspaper editor from Ban francisco. In Honolulu he moved in the best except and made friends wherever he went has a made many enemies through his attacks upon the missionaries of havail. In one occasion it is said that the content of the property of the Hawailan Islands. When the plot was exposed his magazine was suppressed by the was bankled from Honolulu, the his many chemics of his was traited in make when the plot was exposed his magazine was suppressed by the was bankled from Honolulu, the was bankled from Honolulu.

a sample taken from a copy of his magazine, printed under the name of the Hawaiian in the month of November, 1895:

THE FORGERS, DEFAULTERS AND EMBERGLERS'
FROTECTION ASSOCIATION.
(Organized for Mutual Relief in Times of
Trouble.)

"The porders, devoters and embergeres."

"(Organized for Mutual Relief in Times of Trouble.)

"In the Arena for October, 1895, A. R. Barrett, an ex-Government examiner of banks, says; 'Statistics show that during the past ten years bank wreckers, embezziers and defaulters have robbed the people of this country—the first of the property of the country—the country—the discovernment of this state of things has been growing worse the past two years, for the year 1892 shows robberies by the above-mentioned mothods of about \$11,000,000, while 18-3 shows about \$11,000,000, this about \$25,000,000, and 18-3 shows over \$1,000,000, while 18-3 shows about \$11,000,000, this about \$25,000,000, and 18-3 shows over \$1,000,000 to July 1. Then Mr. Barrett adds, most significantly; These sums probably do not represent what was actually taken during those years, but simply the amount of the robberles discovered.

"We feel now, however, that the time is ripe for a mighty move in the direction of the establishment of an honorable and independent organization for the protection of relons, and feel sure that such a movement will gain impetus as its merits and advantages become recognized through just and impartial consideration. It would be impossible and imposition in this preliminary prospectus to discuss in detail the designs of this most important movement. We will, therefore, only submit its most salient features.

"To be eligible to membership in this organization you must be able to cestablish, without question, a clean record; to furnish the highest testimonials as to social character and financial standing, our object being to shield and protect those who have given evidence of intellectual activity, not to defond the weak and missinged victimes of duplicity. Those who have been seected already as public examples by the church militant, the judicin beinch, the press, or the secret societies above named we have no use for and can in no wise servey. Thus the first requisite of membership is an unblemished requisite of membershi

honorable means will be employed to insure the safety of members in this direction. Should, however, exposure become inevitable, it would then become the duty and pleasure of this organization to 'stand pat.'

"The highest and most respectable legal talent will be provided, and the power of our strongest and most widely circulated newspapers will be employed in your defence, aided by eloquent and touching letters from our most eminent divines. No expense will be spared in moulding public opinion in a member's favor. The greatest modern hypnotists will be engaged to work up the case in court, and fascinating ladies will vie with each other in extending those delicate courtesies which make a life of enforced seclusion a constant pleasure. A guarantee of all the luxuries of modern life will be given and will extend over the entire period of your rettrement from the active pursuits of business. Should solitude become irksome, a foreign mission will be obtained and, during your exile, your family will be assured extra luxurance in their mode of living—to in part compensate them for the loss of your own solicitous care. Governmental positions will be married with great pomp and splender to the immaculate sons of 'foreign nobility'.

"Upon your sones, and your daughters will be married with great pomp and splender to the immaculate sons of 'foreign nobility'.

"Upon your return from 'wandering on some foreign strand,' or the closed doors of seclusion, you will be welcomed with much ceremony, and banquets in your honor will be specad in the luxurious homes of the opulent and 'undiscovered' members of the association, and you will be restored to a life of usefulness and hopor."

According to the stories told about Hallen by the religions and the officials connected with the

hopor."
According to the stories told about Hallen by
According to the officials connected with the
District Attorney's office, Hallen is one of the



As we want to the manufacture of the manufacture of

morning, secompanied by Detective Sergeant MeNaught, I reached Addison. Our coming had been previously announced, but not as detectives. We had it fixed so that the spotters about the railroad station believed we were there just for the purpose of pleasure—on a shooting expedition. We went to the American House and were there met by farmers, who had shotguns for us, together with three old dogs. There were two guides ready to show us where the good shooting was to be had. We took the shotguns and started up the road that led to Hallen's farm. We had not gone very far when we met Hallen and his wife riding in a dogeart. It did not take us long to stop the rig and order Hallen to get out. We told him that he was under arrest on an indictinent found against him in New York city. He said that he had been informed by the private secretary of the District Attorney that all of the indictments against him had been dismissed. He seemed to think that this information had been given to him for the purpose of getting him to come back to New York so that he might be arrested. He took his arrest coolly and accompanied us back to the railroad station. That day the train on which Mr. Roosevelt was speaking came along and stopped at Addison. Hallen wanted to go and speak to Mr. Roosevelt, but we did not permit him to do so. We brough thim on to New York and his trial followed."

Assistant District Attorney Osborne, who was successful in convicting Hallen, received more than fifty letters from various parts of the country, giving information as to Hallen's record. In one of these letters, sent by E. C. Hauch, a plumber of Harrisburg, Pa. the writer says that Hallen was known in Harrisburg as Don José de Herrera, having lived in the city from April to August of last year.

"He posed as a wealthy coffee planter from Gustemala." wrote Mr. Rauch, "He said he writer says that Hallen was known in Harrisburg to miss a colony of American farmers to settle on what he called his Herris, Herrera plantation." His scheme was ripe when he was

Grand View Hotel.

Grand View Hotel.

Jacksonville, Fin., Dec. 29, 1898.
Mrs. Sarah A. Brush, Melbourne, Fin.
My Dean Madan:
The paper excuse: no doubt you have found.
For some is the world you have travelled around.
That, if we can't get for our use quite the best,
We make use of the poorest with much the sam
yest.

We make use of the pourest with much the same year.

So of this paper, 'tis the best I can find,
And I'm used to much better in much better mind. Well, how are you all? Has it been my lot.
So soon out of sight, so soon I'm forgot?
Or have I at Melbourne some friend constant yet?
Although since my leaving there's time to forget! It any there be who have me in their thought.
Give them, I pray you, my respects, that is naught. But to assure all those friends that wherever I be.
That each one I met not forgotien will be.
Just a word to yourself and then I am through; If our conversation you wish to renew,
I mean the one at that breakfast you know,
But you may have forgotten, and 'tis better co;
but write me, if you'd hear it out to the end,
And to P. O. San Francin your message send.
In the meantime, as ever your friend I will be.
Though short our acquaintance,
Yours ever,
J. D.
Many of Hallen's writings were cooled by the

Many of Hallen's writings were cooled by the Honolulu newspapers. Under the head of "Sayings for Wise Men" he wrote the follow-

A NEW WAY OF SAYING A VERY OLD THING. 'I make my living," A. Francis J. said,
"All and alone by using my head."
Why that," replied Dicky-bird up in a tree,
"The woodpecker does just exactly like thee.

That's Too Thin.

President Dole will not learn to ride a wheel. This is the reason: When he tried on his new knicker-beckers in the presence of the members of his Cavinet, Attorner-General Smith gave his opinion in the matter of Dole's physical conformation thus. "Dole if you wear those new knicker beckers on the street you will get yourself arrested for having no visible means of support."

Means of support."

When Hallen was on trial in the General Sessions of this city the prosecuting attorney introduced some of Hallen's writings in evidence. Mr. Oaborne, referring to one article printed in the Havanian, said it was a sketch of Hallen's life, written by Hallen. Here is one of his rhyming stories about "The Hawaiian Small Farmer".

A small farmer jay, Up in Kalamazoo, Got letters one day
From Honolulu
They all ended thus: "Come down ere lands rise,
And thus on your purchase some gain realize."

And each letter said,
In a certain sure way,
"Come, buy a homestead,
Thore's little to pay,
Come where the cabbage and beet glad the eyes.
The whole year around, and life's dream realize.

And Jay Farmer Small,
Back in Kalama.co.
Sold out his wee all
For a thousand or two.
And sailed in high feather for tropical skies
To hunt up some land and on it realize.

Three short years ran by —
This tale isn't fyin'—
One day I passed nigh
That small farm Hawaiian—
Says I, "How are times?" and he slowly replies.
Oh, times here are real—well, just real lies. "Oh, times here are real—well, just real lies."

"In many cities," said Assistant District Attorn-y Osborne, "Hallen posed as a Methodist minister and did preaching. In Pennsylvania he posed as a sile-ceel priest of the Catholic Church. All c: the disguisos which he assumed were cloaks for covering his crimes. In some places he kept to himself so much that he attracted attention, made Iriends, and worked a high game. He is a min whose maxim is "Saw wood and say nothing. He wrote a poem of that title, which I referred to on the trial. Here is the way it goes:

"Bill Carter kim tu this ere town.

Bill Carter kim to this ere town, Back high lear eightoem—one: He d transped for work—well up and down But may a job was to be done. Here, Bill—heh! We never could Tell where he lived—he jest sawed wood.

Boys in Slab City used to 'scuss'
Their mighters' business fair and free;
But Bill, he d mix in no one's muss;
'Twe too much work on hand, said he.
And when folks asked how Bill's mind's
Bill said nothing—jest sawed wood.

A WINNER FROM MIZZOURA

"You stayed down here and got your skin full of booze at my expense. I didn't see you passing up any drinks."

You rascall" furiously cried the Judge, ignoring the truthful remarks of the other member of the bar. "I'll lick thunder out of you, sir, in just about a minute."

"Come right down here and do it," was the retort. LIVELY EVENTS OF ONE EVENING AT enthers Plucked from the Engle Bird-Sporting Blood of Fried Eggs Aroused— Belligerency of the Lawyer and the Judge —Peace Restored by a Sleepy Woman.

The two eyed each other for a second. Every The two eyed each other for a second. Every one clse was silent. A young man with a long nose, who sat in a wicker chair by the Judge's side, coughed in his suppressed excitoment. The Judge wheeld grabbed him out of the chair and slammed him against the wall.

"Oh, Lord, the first victim!" exclaimed the young man, but the Judge paid no more attention to him. He simply seized the chair, raised it aloft and dashed down the steps.

"I'll beat your brains out, sir!" he shouted. The Missourian dashed into the middle of the street.

The Muscovian dawn and fight," he cried.
"You har me? Put that chair down and I'll eat you har me? Put that chair down and I'll eat you up."
The Judge started after him with the chair still aloft. The Missourian retreated.
"You coward!" hissed the Judge.
"Put the chair down and I'll show who's a coward."

"If they'd only deal faro," said one of tha coward.

The Judge hesitated and then he walked back across the broken glass and up onto the steps. Here he put the chair down and the young man with the long nose resumed his boys one night, as a number of men sat on the front veranda of the Key West Hotel, "I think I might just as well give 'em the money at the

young man with a soat.

"You're a lot of drunkards," remarked the Judge to the crowd, at the same time suppressing a slight hiecough himself.

"Ies, that's right," spoke up a figure behind the Judge who had just appeared on the scene. It was the hotel manager, clad in a beautiful carmine bath robe. "What will the guests in the state of the second state of the second seco

Tampa. Now I've got just one bone and I'm Come ahead up and watch me."
There was a chorus of dissent from most of

the Judge who had just appeared on the scene. It was the hotel manager, clad in a beautiful carmine bath robe. "What will the guests in the hotel say? It's shocking!"

You sold the rum, didn't you?" put in the Missourian. You've got the money for it, haven't you? My money? Now hush."

"Dear me, murmured the hotel manager. "What a scandal to have such drunken, cowardly ruffans about the blace," and again he looked hard at the Missourian.

"Oh, you're drunk yourself," was the retort.

"Why, dama you, sir!" exclaimed the Judge. You are insulfing, sir. I'll bust you open. Again whirling the long-nosed young man from his seat, he seized the chair and darted down the steps. This time he kept right after the Missourian, who ran un the street to where stood Fried Eags's cab with the horse tied to the fatal telegraph pole. Taking refuge behind this, the Missourian began taunting his pursuer. The Judge took after him. Around and around the cab they went one in his bar, the other in his stocking leef.

"Coward! Coward! Toward! howled the Judge, continually." Put that chair down! basied the fugitive. owed by a few retainers. An hour and a half

the other in his stocking teet.

"Coward! Coward! Coward!" howled the
Judge, continually.

"Put that chair down!" bawled the fugitive,
"and Pil lick your fife out."

Sull the race kept up.
"Oh! I'm a runner." facetiously remarked
the Missourian. "I'm a foot racer, and I'm a
better lawyer than you are, too. I can lick you
here or I can lick in your court."

The Judge redoubled his efforts, his professional pride having been aroused, but in vain.
He couldn't catch his man and he wouldn't aut
down his chair to fight him. Finally he returned once more to the steps and turned his
weapon over to the long-nessed young man.
The argument recommenced and was thrashing over the old ground when feminine whispers were heard on the veranda above. One
buxom young woman hearing the rich had dancing pavilion on the beach frequented by the awell set of Key West, was over, and the hotel

pers were heard on the veranda above. One buxom young woman hearing the riot had soized a revolver in one hand and a pitcher of water in the other and dashed out into the hall. She was considerably in deshabilid, but being excited she didn't mind this.
"Here!" she said to a male guest whom she met in the hall, "take this pistol and shoot those men."
"No; you do it," said the ungallant guest.
I would, but I don't think my husband would like it," she replied.
Then she flew out onto the veranda and, compromising with herself, dumped the contents of the water pitcher on the crowd below. The water lit on the Missourian, and diverted his attention from the Judge long enough for the latter to get inside the hotel without appearing to retreat in the presence of the enemy. The carmine-robed manager followed, and the pollee force having fluxily out in an emy. The carmine-robed manager followed, and the police force having flually put in an appearance the growd dispersed. The next day the Judge walked with a suspicious limp straight past the other honorable member of the bar, who had a large lump on his forchead, but, strangely enough, no limp; and neither of them spoke.

WONDERFUL SHEEP DOGS

Stories of a Breed Brought from New Zea-From the Dencer Ecening Post.

ancing pavilion on the beach frequented by the swell set of Key West, was over, and the hotel veranda was crowded with correspondents, avail officers and others who made jit their nendquarters. Every one was agreeable to the Missourian's suggestion, and the darky waiters were kept busy running back and forth between the bair and the veranda carrying bottled beer and Scotch high bails. The lucky lawyer was paying for everything, taking as a personal affront the display of money by any one else. The pace was so swift that by and by it began to teel. All alleged jokes were received with uproarious laughter. Bottles and glasses were jocularly drouped and smashed to bits on the brick pavement in front of the hotel. Volces grew loud and the congratulations to the Missourian for his good fortune could be heard as far as the Government dock. Prominent in the merry crowd was a tail man, smooth shaven, robust, but white haired, a typical Southerner. He was a lawyer, too, holding a Government office. He was both dignified and clever, and every one liked him. Withal lie was a judge of whiskey and a believer in it as being cenducive to longevity. For the purposes of this story it is well enough to call him the Judge. Now the Judge was having just as good a time over the fortune of his fellow member of the bar as any one else, but being older than most of those present at the celebration, he tired sooner, and about 10 clock, with much dignify and a sight list to starboard, he arose and meandered quistairs to his room. The jollification had reached that stage when no man is missed, and a cab driver is as good as a Count. Hence it was that I ried Eggs, by which name a mottled Cuban cabonan was known to fame in Key West, had been included in the company which the Missourian was eatertaming. Fried Eggs made his living out of a horse that would have carned him at least a year's board in a penitoniary and his single out of a horse that would have carned him at least a year's board in a penitoniary and he are received.

It so happe The most exlabrated breed of shepherd dog ver known in the West," said Jud Bristo, the old-time sheep man of Fort Collins, Col., "were those bred from a pair of New Zealand dogs brought to Colorado in 1875. I had several of their pups on my ranges and could fill a volume with instances of their rare intelligence and faithfulness.

"I remember one pup in particular. He was only six months old when he was sent out one day to work on the range. At night when the herd was brought up to the corrals we saw at once that a part of the herd was missing. There were 1,600 head in the bunch when they went out in the morning, but when we put them through the chute we found that 200 of the Missouri lawyer was aroused, and he accepted.

"Why, man," he declared, "I'll beat him right now. Bet you \$2.1 can beat him from that street to that street," pointing to the street above and the street below the hotel. This distance was about 150 yards.

"Take you," said Fried Eggs with a grin, and he immediately climbed into his ramshackle surrey.

"Hole on, there," cried the Missourian. "Put no your money." were missing. The pup was also missing Well, all hands turned out for the search. We hunted all the night and all of the next day. and did not find the lost sheep until along toward night. But there they were, all herded in a little draw, about five miles from home, and there was the faithful dog standing guard there was the faithful dog standing guard. The wolves were very plentiful in those days. Tou re blaffing, amounced the Missourian striking off a \$2 bill from what was left of his Eagle Bird pluckings. Tut up now. Put up: Frost Eggs climbed out of his surrey again and held a consultation with some of the other cabmen. They shard out of his surrey again and held a consultation with some of the other cabmen. They shard out of his surrey again shard to be a surrey famished, as he had been for thirty-six hours without feed or water. From that day he became a hero, but was so badly affected by hunger, exposure, and thirst, and

REMOVAL

John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute

Now at

26 W. 23d St.

Imperfect and deformed features painlessly corrected. All disfiguring blemishes speedily and permanently removed. Skin and scalp diseases cured.

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST. A Letter from a Former Slave to His Old Muster.

Recently the writer has come into possession of a letter written from Obio by a former slave to his old master in Kentucky. The slave in question was a Christmas gift to his owner and he was at the time he ran away the only stave in the owner's possession, though bis mother was owned by a branch of the same family. He was a mulatto boy of 19 and was what was known as a "likely nigger," worth at market rates about \$1,000 or \$1,200. He had passed the greater part of his life on the banks of the Ohio River in sight of Ohio and freedom, but he chose to remain in Kentucky and bondage. In 1855, fearing that he would be taken with his master's family into the interior, where there were no people of his color, he departed one night and for many years he was not heard of, his owner making no at-

tempt to recapture him, In 1850, or thirty-five years after he had run away, he wrote the letter given below-or rather his daughter wrote it for him, as he had, in common with other claves, never been taught to read or write, and he had no time for education when he got away from the easy ways of the South and had to hustle for himself. His first stopping place in Ohio was only about 100 miles from his old home, and the town whence his letter was written was proba-bly twice as far.

town whence his letter was written was probably twice as far.

It will be observed that he signs the name by which he was known in slavery and gives another as his address. The reason is apparent. In these later days many colored teotile from the South who are now living in Northern localities, have the names of their former masters, but in the days when freedom was a crime the individual seeking it choose any name than that which might identify him with his old life.

THE LETTER. THE LETTER.

With his old life.

THE LETTER.

Ty Dear Friend: I received a very kind letter a few weeks ago from your sister. Mrs.W.—
in receive a long letter which I wrote her after hearing from Mrs.I.—, that she was living and where she resided. I think you could hardly realize how difficult I found it to break away from my old home and all who were so dear to me, the only ones on earth whom I knew and loved. There was your mother, who was always so kind to me; my mother who was already sold, and might be resold and sent where I should never again see her; my sisters were already sold and taken away from us, and I lived in terror lest, through some misfortine. I might he again sold and sent away from all I loved and my only home, and yet continue in slavery to a stranger. So, at last, though you treated has well, and you and you relidier were very near and dear to me, and I loved my home, and had no literest outside of yours. I gathered une nough rourage to run away Irom the only ones I cared for or who cared for me. Many times in my journey I louged to return and give un my ambition to be a free man, and try to content myself in my comfortable and views and to honestly. I

The priced me on.
For years I have struggled on housestly, I believe, to gain a comfortable home for myself and fast increasing family. The second year after I arrived here I married a very towns, light-colored girl, only 15 years old, who has proved a good, faithful wife, very lomestle and industrious. My Am has been he mother of eight-cen children, nine sons and nine daughters. Five girls and four boys lived; the youngest, a daughter, is 7 and going to whool. I have never succeeded in owning a some. My burden has been too neavy for me to accomplish more than to take good care of my children and keep them in school. Some of them are pretty good scholars. Three of my daughters are married. The cidest, Struce, has lost her husband, William George, she is a child to be proud of. My fourth langibler, aved it, is very pretty in face, form and manners. She has lived with Mrs.—since she was 8 years old. She has a fine education.

ention. I wish you would write to me. I wish much to hear from v at and to learn about your lady and your lovely children. I have a large black kerchief your lear nighter, and the not long before I left hame. I think of you all very often and, oh, how much I long to see you all once more. If I had the means I should make my all how and the seed of the more. If I had the means I should make my old home and my old friends a visit, fonly a short one. I am getting broken down very fast. I show my vears, for I have worked very constantly and severely to keep up with our wants. I have never forgotten you, nor can I ever forget you. Will you please write to me, even if you can stare but a few moments to me. Every word you utter will be lighly prized by me.

Please give my respectful remembrances to your kind wife, also to your children. Yours respectfully,
Address me as John F—. Address me as John F--.

DANGEROUS DRIFTING HULKS. A State of Affairs That Menaces Navigation on the Mississippi.

New Ocleans, Jan. 28.-On the complaint of the steamship arents and steamboatmen of the damage done by coal boats, barges and other derelict craft, the Dock Commissioners and others interested in the navigation of the Mississippi have determined to proceed vigorously against those who are responsible for this nuisance. A proposition is before Con-gress to prohibit the navigation of the lower Mississippi River by vessels which have no means of propulsion and therefore cannot control themselves, but drift down, at the mercy of the current, in constant danger of collision with the steamships and steamboats and frequestly injuring the latter. Even if the law passes Congress it will be some time before it can be put in active operation; and it is doubtwhich the steamboatmen complain. The trouble just at present is due mainly to the drifting coal barges, which are turned loose in the river at the stream's mercy. These barges come down from littsburg or some upper river point laden with coal, but under the control of a powerful tug. They land on the bank opposite some plantation and the coal they contain is sold. The barges are of no value afterward and are usually sold for firewood. If firewood is cheap or abundant where they have landed, they are not deemed worth cutting up and are turned loose like worn-out horses to go their own way.

This, however, is extremely dangerous to the river craft below. The barges are powerful and heavy, and with the current of the Missishipi behind them are like so many rams. They are without control of any kind, and without lights, so that the steamers cannot see them coming. Tossed about by the waves, they frequently run ashore, knocking holes in the vessels landed or anchored there. There are several of these barges stranded just now at Andubon Park, in front of New Orleans, and there have been a number of accidents hately due to collision with these derelicits.

The Superintendent of Docks of New Orleans. drifting coal barges, which are turned loose

orieans, and there are over our cleans is a consequent of the superintendent of Docks of New Orleans, who succeeded in catching some of the floating barges, found that the marks on them had been carefully oblicerated, so as to render it impossible to determine to whom they originally belonged, and consequently who is responsible for the accidents caused by them. The coal dealers embhatically deny that they are in any way responsible, and assert that the barges are turned loose by the planters to whom they were sold after the scal they contained had been discharged, and they agree to join forces with the almis where and Dock dommissioners in investigating the matter and determining who are responsible for this nuisance and werare to river navigation. An inquiry has been ordered in all cares of decidic barges found floating on the Mississipal, and an attenut will be made to bring to account those responsible for them. It will probably have to be under the Federal statute for obstruction of navigable streams.

Breathed 24 Hours Through a Garden Hose.

Rep Wise, Minn., Jan. 24. Edward Johnson was turied alive in a sand sit at Claybank for twenty-nine hours and when extricated was uninjured. Johnson was working in pits when the first cave-in occurred, covering him as ter as the shoulders. A garden hose was thrown to the man, when the second cave-in courred, burying him under ten feet of sand, and through the hose Johnson breathed for over a day.

DELAY IN SOLDIER MAILS.

HOMESICKNESS CAUSED BY ARRIVAL AND NON-ABRITAL IN MANILA.

When the Malls Do Arrive It's Like a Knocks Down Blow to the Men Who Get No Let-ters-Queer Delays for Which There Seems to Be No Reasonable Explanation.

MANILA, Nov. 20.-Occasionally the kindly ate which watches over the lives and fortunes of Uncle Sam's soldiers and sallors intervenes with the mail destroyers of the postal service and a few sacks of letters get through. On behalf of about 18,000 men in the land and naval service of the United States remarks have been made about this subject before, sometimes by cable, but they have had no ap-parent result. The arrival of the new batch of transports brings the subject up afresh just now because there is a new instance of the ap-parent disregard of the feelings of the mea out here with which postal affairs are handled at home. Probably there is no use in trying to make the "sheltered people" understand how eagerly the men await their mail, with what loy and pleasure they get their letters,

r how terrific is the blow when they get none. Just yesterday afternoon I was talking about the mail with a man who has been in the hospital for sixty days with typhoid fever, and he old me the story of a man who died in the cot next his own. The poor fellow held out well intil the mail came in. He was longing with all the intensity of his fever-racked soul for letters from home. When the mail finally was delivered nearly every man about him got letters, but this clap had none. It fairly broke him down. Half the night he lay face down on his cot and cried like a child. And after that it seemed as if his grit was gone. His will o get well was broken. He just didn't care to ve, that was all, and he didn't live.

When mail somes so far and is so long in oming its value to the recipients increases in geometrical ratio with the miles travelled. When mails come so infrequently it is a knock-down blow to get the Postmaster's negative shake of the head, and I have seen big husky fellows who would go forward cheering under fire fairly stagger away from the general delivery window. Perhaps the people at home do not write. It is a beautiful demonstration of the worth of friendship to put it to that test. Even kinsmen grow careless. Those things have to be borne as best they may.

To go back to the beginning. Nearly all the

ships of the American lines running out of San Francisco were taken by the Government for transports, Thereupon the Post Office Department declared that its mail service was broken up. The War Department jumped into the muddle and ordered the mail sent forward by transports. There was a line of express steamers running from Victoria to Hong Kong which made the trip in three weeks with the regularity of Jersey City ferries, and which was not in the least disturbed by the war or the transport service. But this was a foreign line and could be utilized only in emergencies. There was no hesitation about using the foreign-owned line of ships that ran from San Francisco to Hong Kong. But these ships take from twenty-eight to thirty-one days for the trip the others make in twenty. If every bit of the mail had been held for Victoria express steamers, no doubt it would have reached here. Often it might have got here had it been despatched by another route, but there would have been this

it would have reached here. Often it might have got here had it been despatched by another route, but there would have been this tremendous advantage, that the service would have been regular and to be relied upon, whereas as it was nothing was to be depended on. It was hit and miss, take your chance and trust in Providence.

That, however, is, after all, only one phese of the strangement. It was when the determination to forward mail by transports was put into effect that the bright and shming light of some overmastering intellect began to dazzle the Western world. There was the case of the Morgan City. Many on the east coast know the Morgan City. She is the old craft that was fitted up for the Klondike trade and when she left New York last December all South street made pools on the point of her collapse. Well, she got around to Frisco, after being reported as renairing on the way, and was sent out with troops and mail. Of coarse they put the mail on her. There wasn't another thing so slow on the Pacific Occan, and it was too good a chance to lose. Two days after she left San Francisco the Newport sailed with Gen. Merritt and his staff, bound through in the shortest possible time. In Honolulu the Newport had a chance to take the mail from the Morgan City, but the Newport came along and five days after she reached Cavité the Morgan City came in.

On Aug. 20 the Arizona left Prisco, On Aug. 27 the Scandia followed, with the accumulated mail of the week. In Honolulu they met, and the Arizona came on as fast as she could, but do you suppose she brought the Scandia's mail? Not the Arizona! The Belgic, which left Prisco on Sept. 3, reached Honolulu from here for troops and stores. When she left Honolulu to come back here the Indiana, Ohio and Zealandia. Transporte, and Deric, liner, lay in the harbor there, all with mail. The Arizona left have the brought the skipper of the Arizona couldn't be bothered with it. The Arizona had the mail from the 20 to the skipper of the with the back here the Indiana, Ohio and Zeala



Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia,

Indigestion and Too Hearty Lating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausca, Drowelness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.